

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

The stony girthes of Citties: me thy puple,
Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy lawde
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,
Be stil'd the Lord o'th day, give me great Mars
Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard
clanging of Armor, with a short Thunder as the burst of
a Battaille, whereupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*

O Great Corrector of enormoustimes,
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dustie, and old tytles, that healt with blood
The earth when it is sicke, and curst the world
O'th pluresie of people; I doe take
Thy signes auspiciously, and in thy name
To my designe; march boldly, let us goe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obser-
vance.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To daie extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives
Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free noblenesse doe make my cause
Your personall hazard; to the goddesse *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*
Haile Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who, hast power
To call the feircest Tyrant from his rage;
And weepe unto a Girle; that ha't the might
Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Mars's* Drom
And turne th' alarme to whispers, that canst make
A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him
Before *Apollo*; that may't force the King
To be his subjects vassalle, and induce
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour
Whom youth like wanton Boyes through Bonfyres
Have kept thy flame, at seaventy, thou canst catch
And make him to the scorne of his hoarse throte

Abuse

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Abuse yong laies of love; what godl
Hast thou not power upon? To *Phab*
Add't flames, hotter then his the hea
Did scortch his mortall Son, thine him
All moyst and cold, some say began to
Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy g
Me thy vovd Souldier, who doe bear
As t'wer a wreath of Roses, yet is hea
Then Lead it selfe, stings more than N
I have never beene foule mouthd aga
Nev'r reveald secret, for I knew none
Had I kend all that were; I never pr
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libe
Of liberall wits: I never at great fea
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have
At simpring Sirs that did: I have bee
To large Confessors, and have hotly a
If they had Mothers, I had one, a wo
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I
Of eightie winters, this I told them,
A Lasse of foureteene bridged, twas th
To put life into dust, the aged Cramp
Had screw'd his square foote round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into k
Torturing Convulsions from his gle
Had almost drawne their spheeres, th
In him seem'd torture: this Anatomie
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy,
Beleev'd it was his, for she swore it w
And who would not beleeve her? b
To those that prate and have done;
To those that boast and have not; a
To those that would and cannot; a
Yea him I doe not love, that tells clo
The fowlest way, nor names conceal
The boldest language, such a one I a
And vow that lover never yet made
Truer then I. O then most soft swee

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